

## C. O. D. MAN'S DOINGS

Tells a Story of Misfortunes and Human Ingratitude.

### MEETS A CATOSH YOUNG MAN

'Twas Rather a Lucky Acquaintance For the Dilapidated Gentleman, as He Earns Some Easy Money in a Game of Bluff.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] They call me the C. O. D. man because it's always cash on delivery with me—that is, I deliver my tale of misfortune and expect the cash to follow. This saves time and bookkeeping and office rent, and your cash register shows you what you have on hand at any minute. I never crowd myself in among gentlemen unless strongly urged, and I never affiliate with other tramps when I can find a straw stack for myself. Not that I think I'm worse than any other gentleman or



TAPPED HIM ONE, TWO, THREE, LIGHTLY ON THE CHIN.

better than any other tramp, but I am somewhat conservative by nature. It is only when I am collared by the police that I look haughty and fall back upon my Knickerbocker ancestry and my blue blood, and if I get thirty in the cooler I take it out in a dignified fashion instead of making a squeal.

I was hanging about Philadelphia a few weeks ago to study the graft system and make more or less a success of my C. O. D. invention when one evening as I was strolling about I meet up with a catosh young man. I could tell that he belonged to the swagger set while he was yet a block away. He had the proper air and his hat on the back of his head. I sized him up for a young man with a rich papa, a doting mother and a mouth for quail on toast and dry champagne.

In doing business with the public I have a little story to relate. The story is accompanied by a proper air of hope lost forever, and it includes thirteen separate and distinct misfortunes and a chunk of human ingratitude as big as a house. A very few persons hear the story and swear. The great majority either preserve a respectful silence and tender me a nickel at its conclusion or weep copiously and tender me advice about getting too near the cage of the Bengal tiger when visiting the zoo. I might not have tackled the catosh young man but for his perturbed look. I saw that there had been an epoch of some sort in his rosy life, and I struck an attitude and began chapter 1 of my serial. I hadn't got off ten lines when he interrupted with: "Stow it, cully. Where were you born?"

**Born in the Lap of Luxury.**  
"In the lap of luxury," says I, "but at the early age of ten a trust squeezed my old man out of his tannery and threw me on a cold world."

"Where's your palace car?"  
"Switched off and left behind."  
"And your valet?"

"Dropped dead the other day of heart disease when I handed him a quarter, and I'm afraid I can't fill his place."  
"I should say your allowance wasn't over \$500 a month," he goes on as he looks at the patches on my knees.

"It's a trifle under that just at present," says I, "but I'm standing in with a contractor to steal the curbstones on ten different streets, and I may be able to buy a third auto a month hence."

"Look here, cully," says the catosh young man as he drops his banter and grows serious and breathes champagne all over the block. "I think I know a dilapidated gentleman when I see one."  
"D. G. (dilapidated gentleman) hits me to a dot—some dilapidation, some gentleman. The two make a fair combine. Go ahead."

"And you've got biceps?"  
"Feel and see. Reaching out for nickels for the last fifteen years has given me the muscles of a Sandow. Reaching is the best thing in the world for shoulder exercise, even if you don't get anything."

"And being a dilapidated gentleman with biceps you ought to know how to put up your dukes?"

In reply I put 'em up and tapped him one, two, three, lightly on the chin, but at the same time kept an eye on a policeman across the street.

"Bewildered," says the catosh young man as I drops my hands. "I belong to a S. S. S. (swagger swell set) club down here, and a galoot with a lip in his mouth and not brains enough to

fill his head to fill a thimble thimble me in the nose with the gloves half an hour ago and will crow over it for a week. I want revenge, but I don't

take to the gloves somehow. I can't get the swing of 'em. If you'll come down and knock that nunny's eyebrows off I'll cough up a V. I can run you in all right, and I want you to soak him. You needn't quite kill him, but jar his teeth out at least."

"It's five to soak the chap with the lip," says I after thinking the thing over, "but how much to bluff the whole club down into their boots?"

"Can you do it, man—can you do it for sure?" he eagerly exclaimed as a beautiful smile came to his phis.

"I think I can. At least I am willing to try."

"Lordy, if you only could—if you only could! There's a dozen husky scrappers there tonight, and if you bluff 'em it's fifteen plunks in your inside pocket."

#### Given Five on Account.

He gave me five on account and took me down and dodged me into the dressing room of the club. He was chuckling with anticipation, and as he seemed to be a square young man I determined to do my best for him. When I was ready to go before the audience he introduced me as his cousin and asked them to go light on me on account of my lungs being affected. I had on a pair of eyeglasses, with my long hair brushed back over my marble ears, and all took me for a professor. They picked out the champion scrapper of the club to wallop me, and when he gets into the ring he says:

"Excuse me, professor, but you've got your glasses on."

"Of course," says I.

"But that ain't regular. If I smash your glasses I may ruin your eyes forever."

"I'm high sighted and always box with my winkers on. You go right ahead and ruin my eyes forever and I shan't make any kick."

"I'll be hanged if I do," says he after looking me over for a minute, and he crawls under the ropes and gets out.

Then they got in another chap, but he had only drawn one glove on when he looks over at me and sees me reading the evening paper as I sit cross legged in my corner, and a panic takes him, and he calls out:

"Not apy for Joe! I knows a tidal wave when I sees it, and I don't hanker after six months in the hospital!"

Then the catosh young man who had picked me up offers \$20, \$30 and as high as \$50 to anybody to stand before me for three rounds, but the fellows shook their heads and said they would wait for something easy. It was the eyeglasses, you see—a regular ice cold bluff—and they swallowed it down and had goose flesh all over 'em.

"Being this crowd don't seem to want anything in particular of my Cousin Sam," says young catosh after awhile, "and being my Cousin Sam has three or four important engagements on hand, I will withdraw him till some of you think you can box a bit."

And as I was resuming my apparel he slips me the ten other plunks and pats me on the back and says:

"D. G. (dilapidated gentleman), if I wasn't my papa's favorite son and my mamma's joy I'd hitch up with you, and we'd travel together and bluff the whole United States and have barrels of fun. As it is, I'm stuck here and have got to play the blue blooded game out. Take your sugar and go forth with my blessing hitched behind you, and may you find straw stacks at every crossroad and turnups at every mile."  
M. QUAD.

#### A Graceful Withdrawal.

"Do you know who that old gentleman is talking to our hostess?" asked Mrs. Blunderer of the lady sitting beside her.

"That," answered the lady coldly, "is my son."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Blunderer in confusion, "he's a good deal older than you are, is he not?"—Lippincott's.

#### Perhaps a Freeze Out.

"Did you see where some railroads are planning a refrigerator combination?"

"That will mean a cold deal for somebody."—Baltimore American.

#### Lad For the Plate.



Photographer—Not quite such a sunny smile, please, or you'll fog the plate.—Tatler.

Banker Walsh, happily, has not the alternate of paying a fine; it is the cell for him.

Butte is also to be deprived of the pleasure of playing the ponies—maybe.

# Blank Books

Up to the Highest Standards,

# Bookbinding

After Strictly Modern Methods,

# Printing

of Every Description

Our Facilities are the best and we can promptly execute all orders.

## J. S. Dellinger Co.

ASTORIA, OREGON

#### A Paraphrase.

"So you have become converted to prohibition?"

"No," answered Colonel Stilwell of Kentucky. "I am not exactly a prohibitionist, but I am a firm believer in the theory that a soft drink turneth away headaches."—Washington Star.

#### Not Slang Either.

"What do you think of a man who keeps his money in an old stocking?"  
"I should say he had selected a darned poor bank."—Pittsburg Post.

## CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

CURES  
Coughs, Colds,  
CROUP,  
Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.  
Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

## DEVER'S GOLDEN WEST

SPICES,  
COFFEE, TEA,  
BAKING POWDER,  
FLAVORING EXTRACTS  
Absolute Purity, Finest Flavor,  
Greatest Strength, Reasonable Prices.  
CLOSET & DEVER'S  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

## We Have Listed For Sale

TIMBER LANDS,  
FARMS,  
CITY LOTS,  
HOUSES,  
AND ALL  
KINDS OF  
REAL ESTATE

## Western Realty Co.

172 TENTH STREET.

ASTORIA, OREGON

## FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, La Grippe, Asthma, Throat and Lung Troubles, Prevents Pneumonia and Consumption

THE ORIGINAL  
LAXATIVE  
HONEY and TAR  
in the  
YELLOW PACKAGE